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Putting it Where it Counts

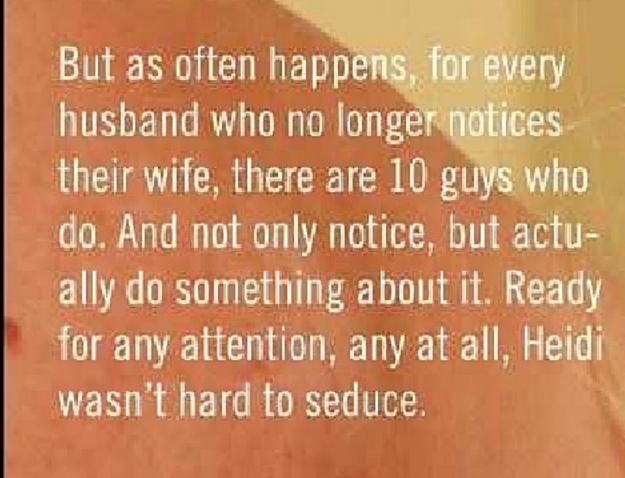






































If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

I'm not the trusting type. When my new girlfriend, Avon, said she was going to spend all of Sunday shopping by herself, I got suspicious; booked the day off work to follow her around and see what she was really up to.

Avon's a tall, slender girl with long, brown hair and long, silky legs. She's got a supermodel face to go with the body, the tits of a full-figure model. Naturally, I want to keep her all to myself. Naturally, I was sure the super-fox was picking up on some of the lines cast her way by male admirers.

Turns out, I could've saved an inch of rubber sole and a sick day, because the luscious babe spent the entire morning and afternoon browsing various strip malls and street shops, stopping only for a salad lunch and a bottle of water late in the afternoon. She'd probably wanted to spare me the ordeal of watching her shop (even though she hadn't), and I should've been grateful. But I wasn't. I still had my suspicions.

I was hanging out in a phone booth next to a bus stop when Avon finally sauntered out of a dress shop. It was six o'clock by this time, shadows forming, and I slipped out of the booth and made like a shadow, around the corner as she approached.

She collapsed with her shopping bags down onto the bus bench. I pulled out my cell and punched up the phone booth number, peering around the corner.

The phone rang and rang. Avon looked up and down the empty sidewalk. Then she



## PHONEY LOVE

shrugged her soft shoulders and strolled over to the booth and glided inside.

'Hello?"

"I want to suck your tits, pretty lady," I growled, in a lower key than normal.

There was a long pause. I watched Avon in the lighted booth, holding her bags in one hand, the phone receiver in the other. I grinned, about to hang up, finally satisfied.

She breathed, "Go on."

I gritted my teeth, squeezing the cellphone so hard I almost crushed it. "I'm going to tear off your blouse and grab onto your ripe, firm tits, squeeze them, fucking maul them, pinch and twist your hard, pointed nipples!"

The silence this time was broken by audible breathing – hers and mine.

"Mmm-hmm," she murmured.

The shopping bags were down on the ground now. She half-turned in the booth, away from the street, and I could see her face and body clearly. She bit her lip, as she slid her free hand up inside her blouse and onto one of her tits.

There was a soft, breathless moan.

I rasped, "Then I'm going to suck one of your nipples into my mouth and pull on it, bite into it, just about tear the fucking jutter right off your tit! Do the same to your other stiff nipple!"

Her hand moved in her blouse, squeezing her tit, pinching and rolling her nipple. The phone almost squirted right out of my sweating hand. The babe — my girlfriend — was feeling herself up right inside the public phone booth, getting off on some complete stranger talking dirty to her.

"I'm going to suck your nipples raw, grope your tits until their bruised. Then I'm going to drag my tongue down your chest and onto your stomach, into the trim, dark fur of your pussy."

"Yes!"

Avon slid her hand out of her blouse and into her skirt, over top of her pussy.

"Please, go on!" the cheating bitch whimpered, leaning back against the glass and clutching the phone and rubbing her pussy.

I went on, grimly. "I'm going to spread your dripping pink flaps with my fingers and stick my tongue right inside your pussy, fuck you with my tongue — back and forth inside your cunt!"

"You cunt," I added under my breath.

I could see two of her fingers knucklebulge her skirt, like she'd just plugged the pair right inside her pussy. "Tonguefuck me!" she pleaded. "Eat me!"

She was finger-fucking herself, all right, cheating on me with some perverted guy who'd just happened to dial her number.

"I'm going to lick up and down your snatch," I gritted, "lapping your pussy,



swallowing your juices. You're so fucking wet for it! I'm licking you from your pink little pucker to your swollen pink button, over and over!"

"Oh, God, yes!"

Her hand was pumping back and forth under her skirt at lightning speed. She cradled the phone on her shoulder against her ear, thrusting her left hand into her blouse and playing with her tits. As she plunged her slit and rubbed her clit with her right hand.

Despite the brutal betrayal, my cock was a throbbing rod in my jeans. I ripped it out, hugging tight against the brick side of the corner store and glaring at Avon, fisting my dick. "I've got

your puffed-up clit in my mouth, sucking on it, slapping it with my tongue! Until-"

"I'm coming!" she cried, her body and tits jumping, fingers buried deep in her pussy.

I grunted and jerked, shooting rope after rope of white-hot, angry jizz out of my jacked-up cock.

"See you at my place tonight, lan?"
Avon suddenly asked, shocking me out of my dizzy funk. "So we can finish our interesting conversation — faceto-face?"

-lan Unger



life wasn't as perfect as it seemed, at least when it came to her impulses. While she might seem able to handle anything that came at her, one thing she'd never been able to control were her lusts - especially when those lusts involved hot & hung young men. When it came to young hunks, her calm exterior completely dissolved.





































Raquel had never really had any use for relationships. And why would she? She had plenty of lovers, plenty of sex, without all the messy hang-ups and sticky arguments and misunderstandings. She truly believed in the saying, "You're only as old as you act," which meant, considering her actions, she was 45, going on 18. Really, when it came to getting what she wanted and satisfying her needs, she was absolutely brazen and shameless. She thought that people wasted too much time, dancing around what they wanted. Her approach was very different. If she saw someone she wanted, she let them know, in no uncertain terms.







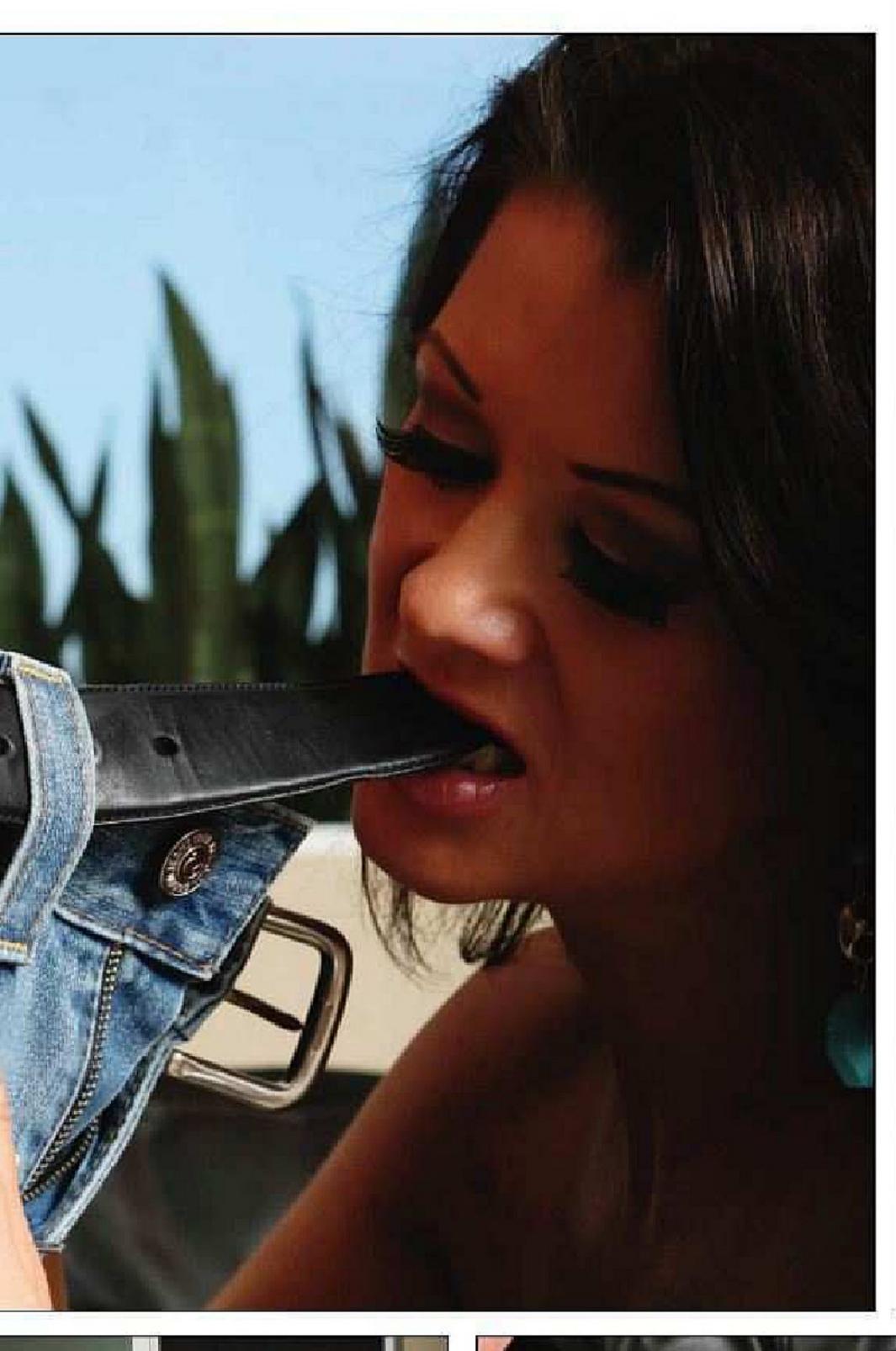
































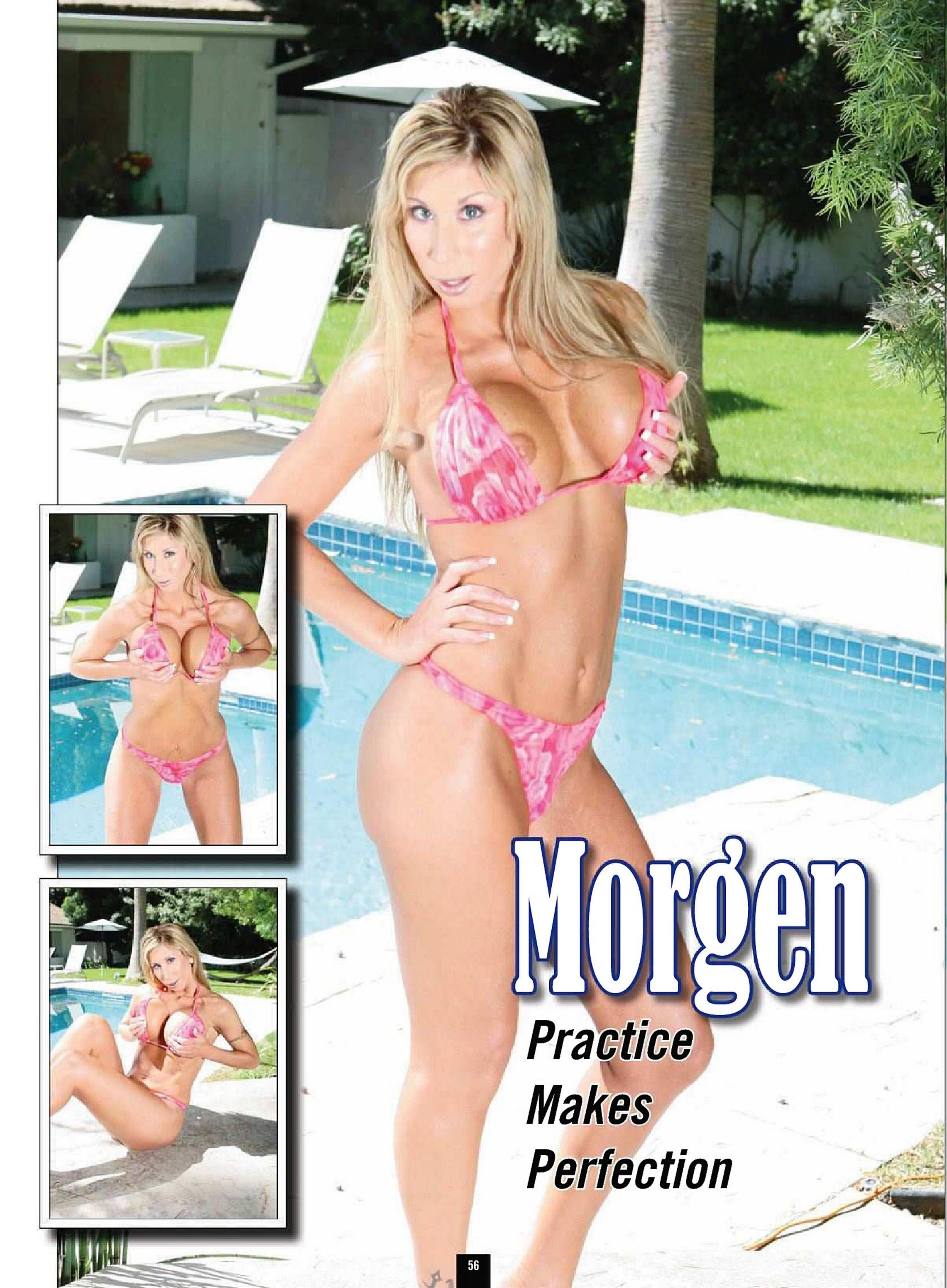
































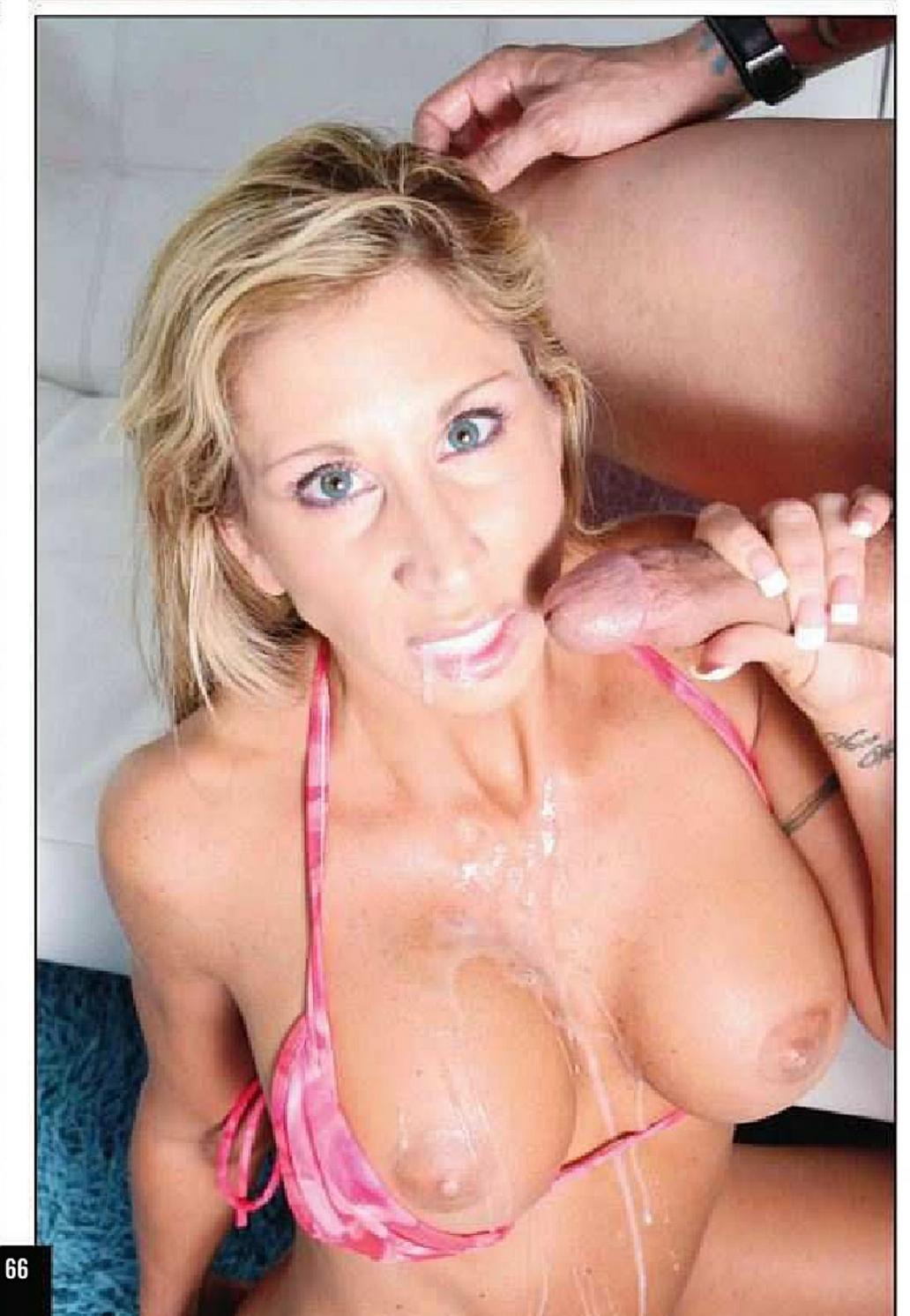
















Rachel had always had two things going for her: her enormous juggs and her plump, oh-so fuckable ass. When it comes to tit and ass-fucks, Rachel's your girl. She's not one of these women who take themselves too seriously and really just try to have fun with their bodies. In her opinion, fucking isn't about performance, rather, it's about making yourself, and your partner, feel as good as possible.







































Vannah had been a model in her younger years, and had a hard time shaking the model mentality. She hadn't been a super-model or anything like that, but she'd done well enough for herself. She'd had her fair share of parties, glamour and men (and a few women) lusting after her. This is a seductive mix, and something which is difficult to forget or get over. If she was perfectly honest with herself, she'd have to admit that she missed it. Somehow, it's harder aging, when once, your entire existence was based upon your youthful looks and figure. She didn't want to be a dried-up has-been. She wanted to be that hot, young Vannah she remembered; the Vannah with the body, constructed for wet-dreams.



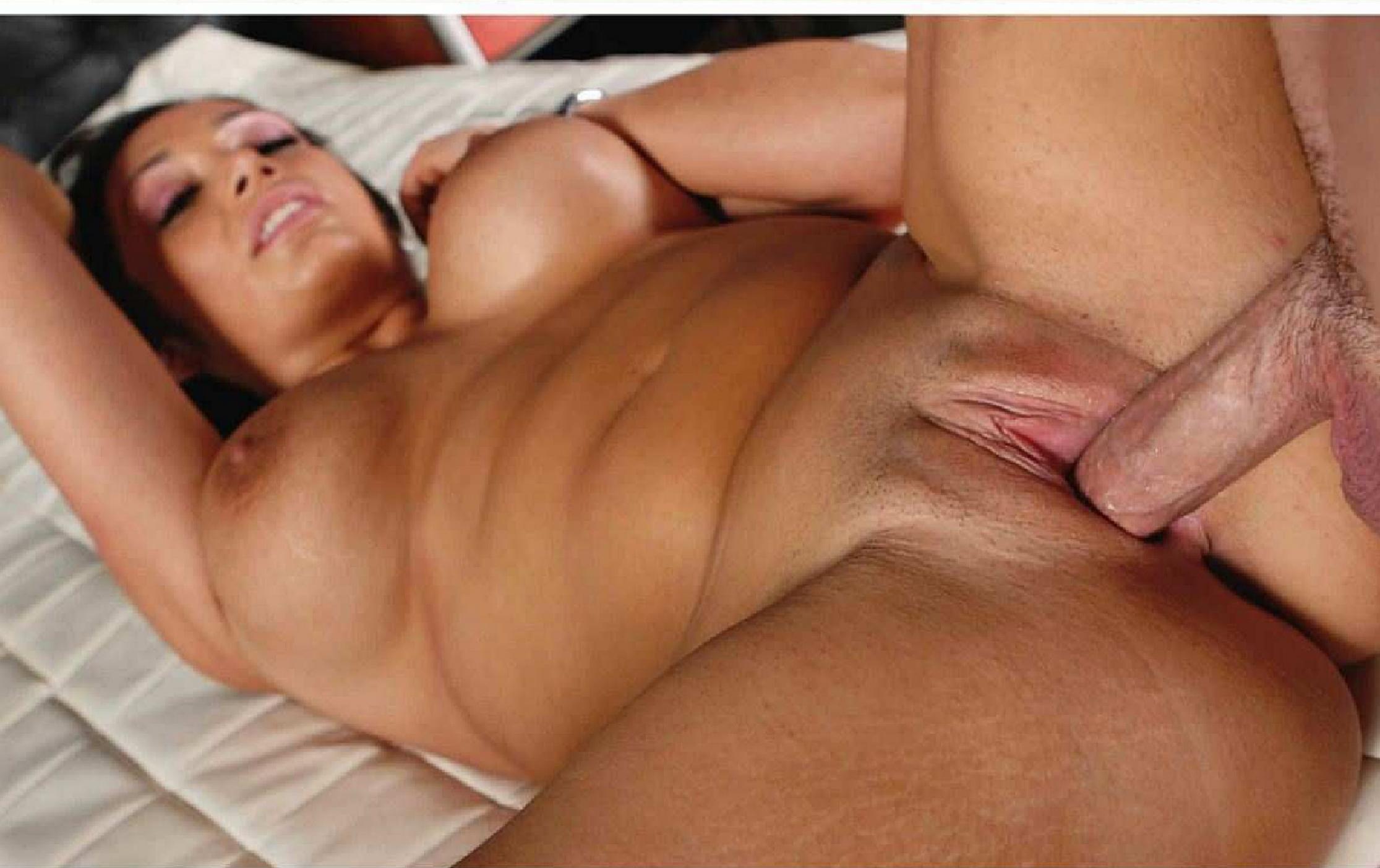






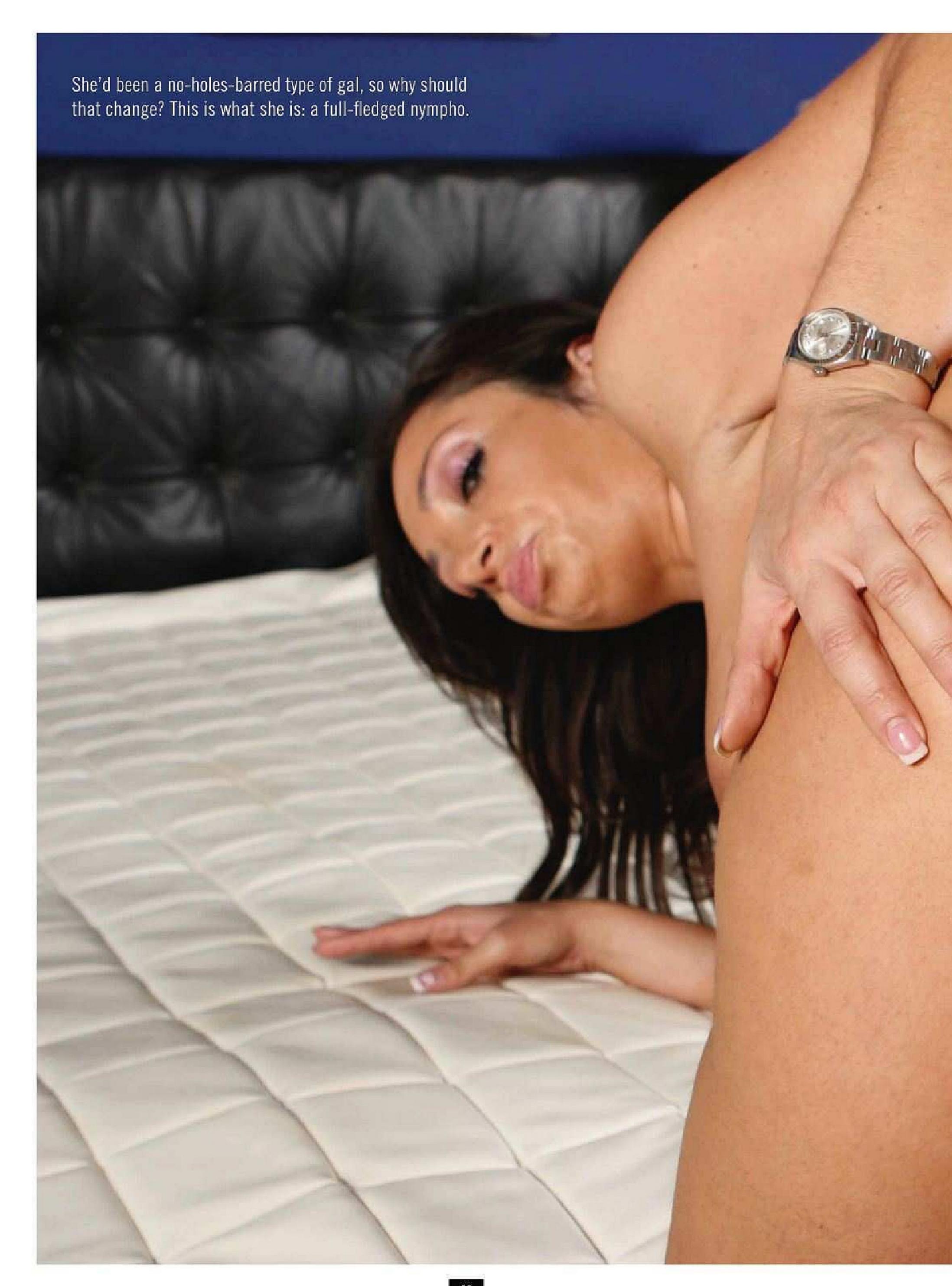




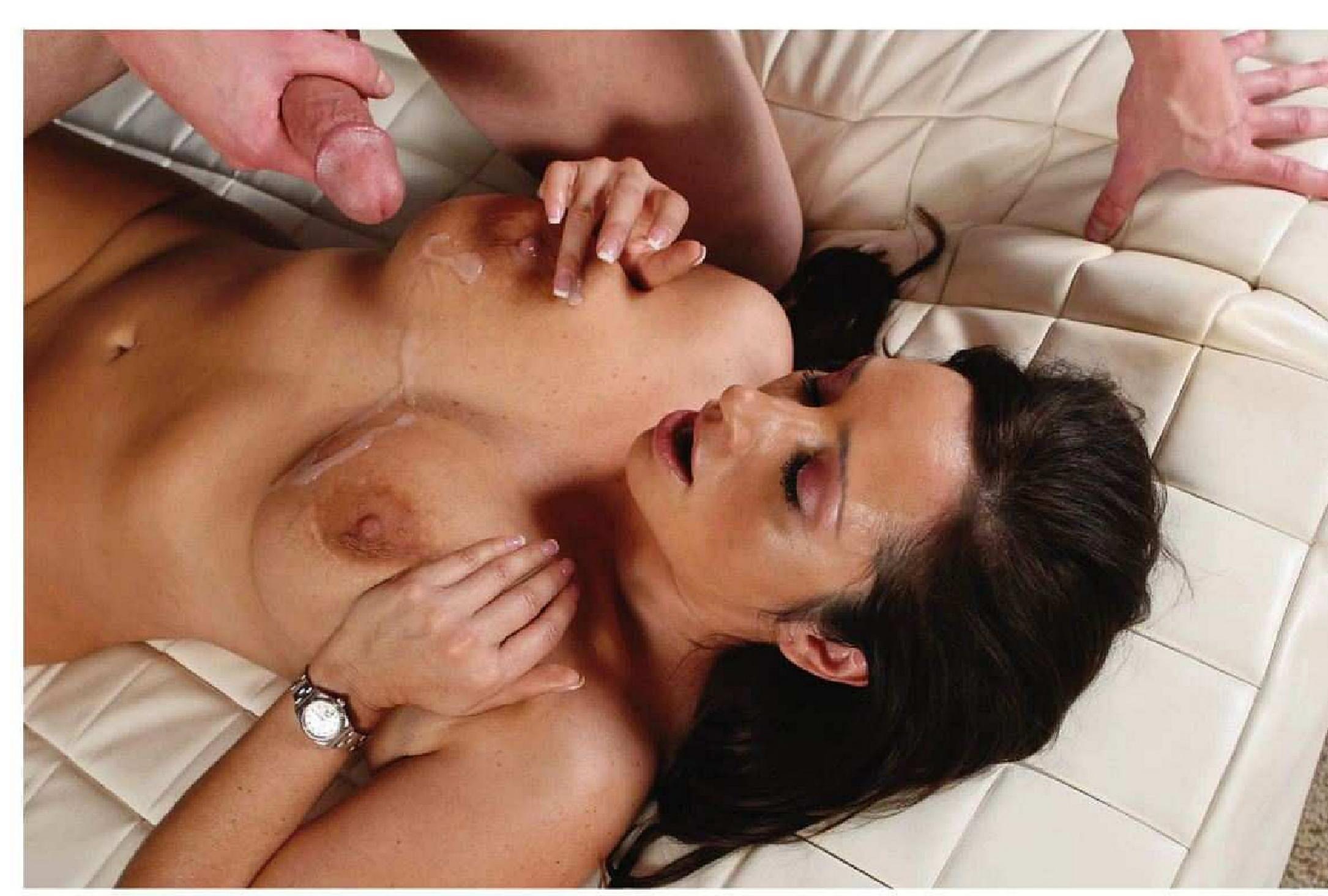
















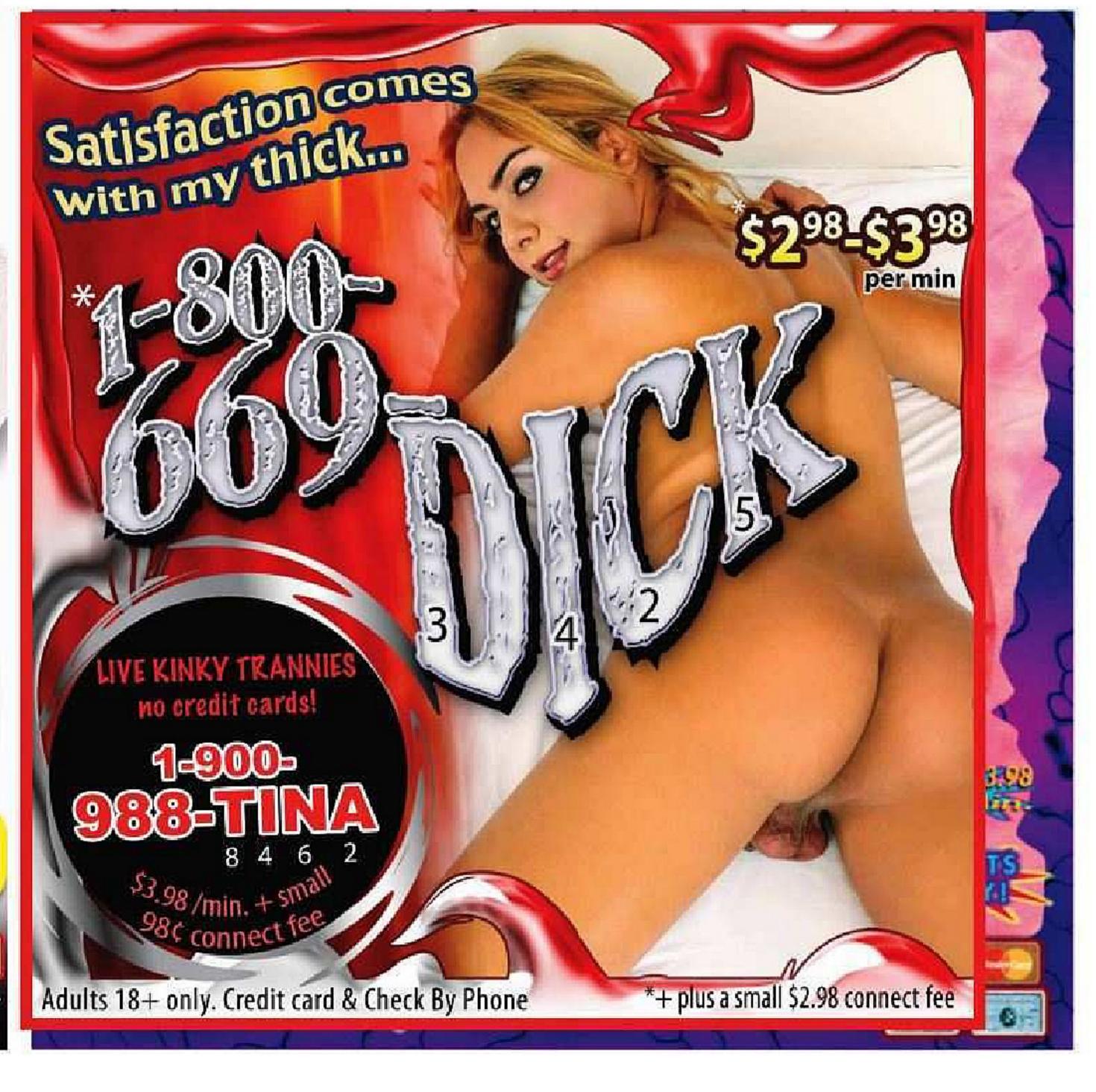


























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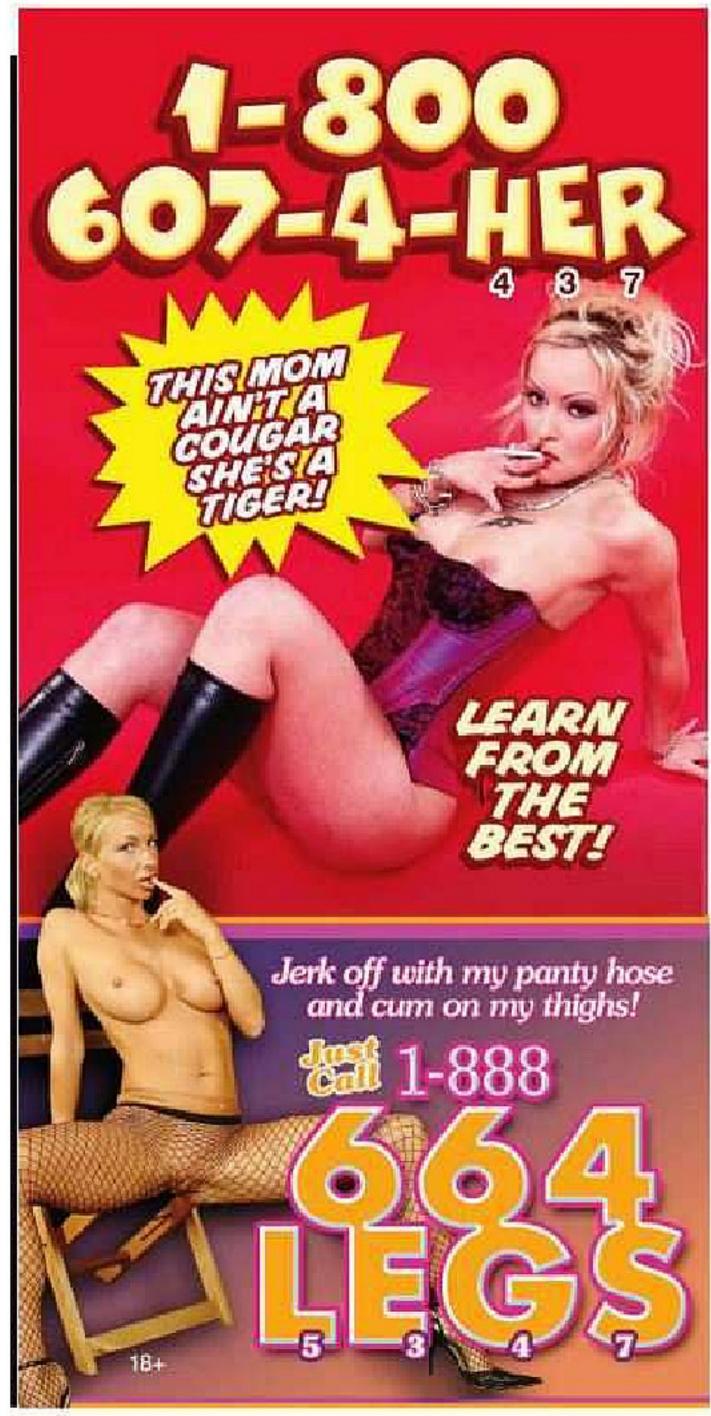






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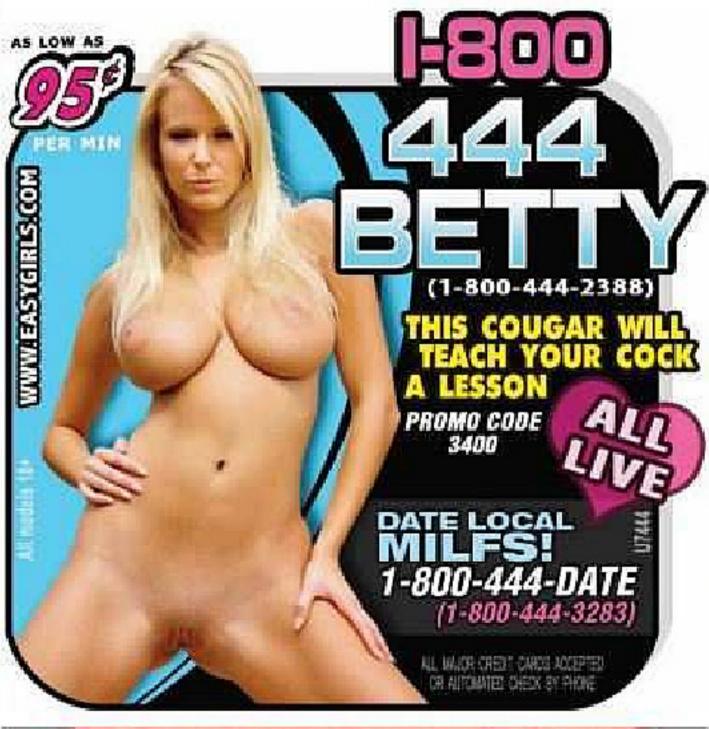


















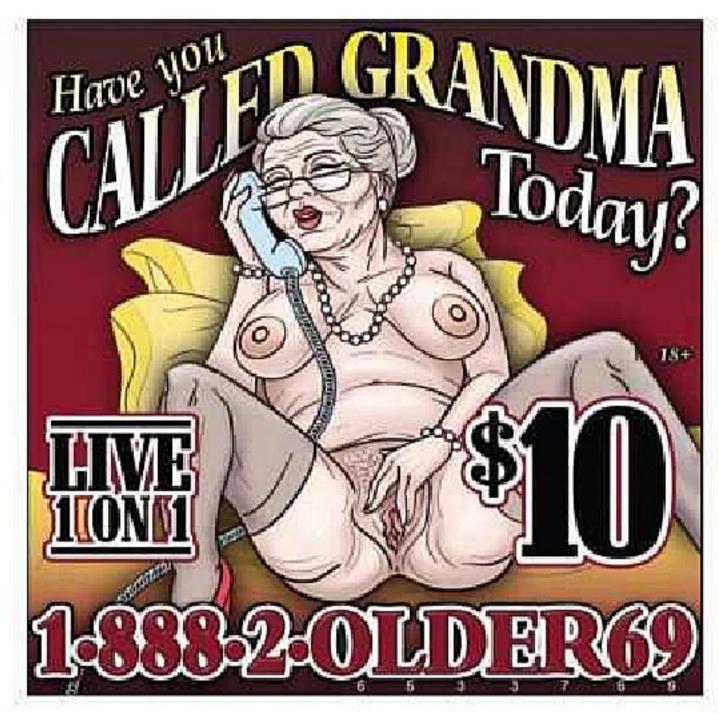
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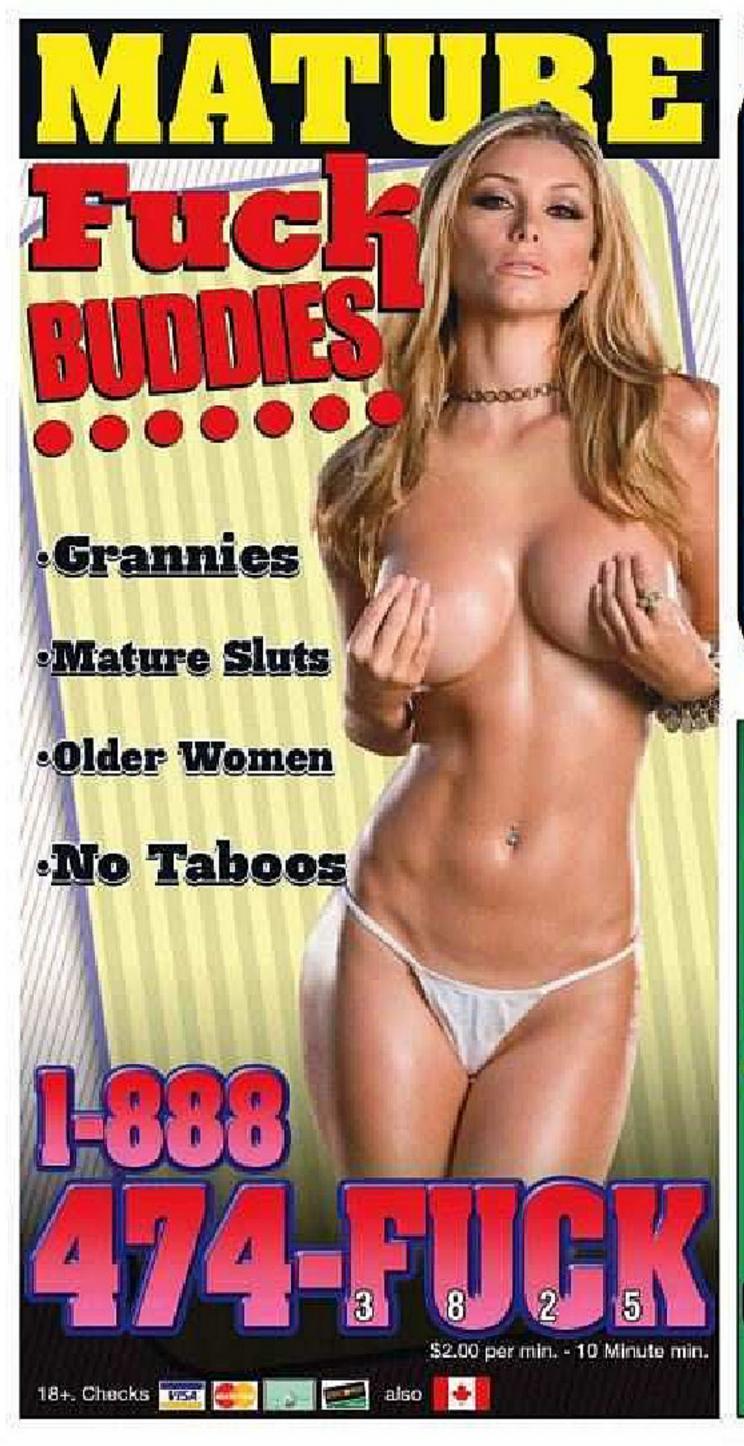












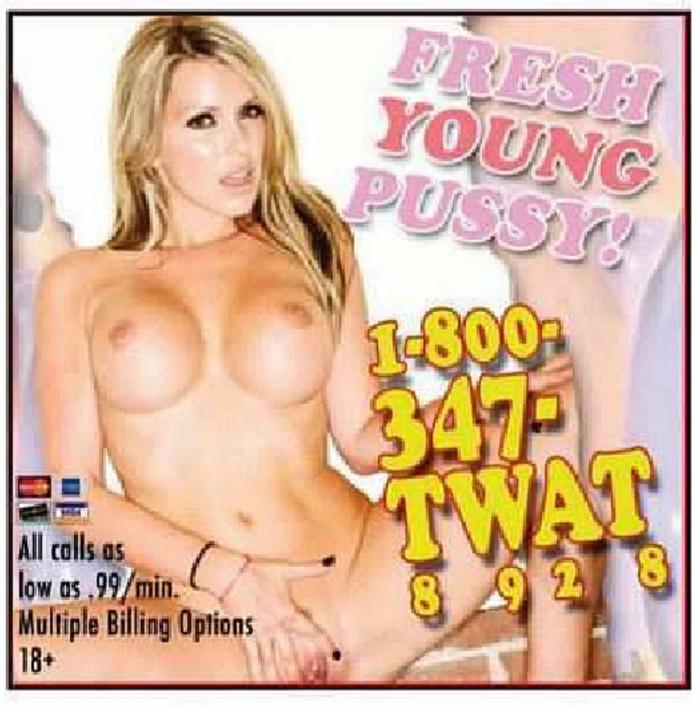


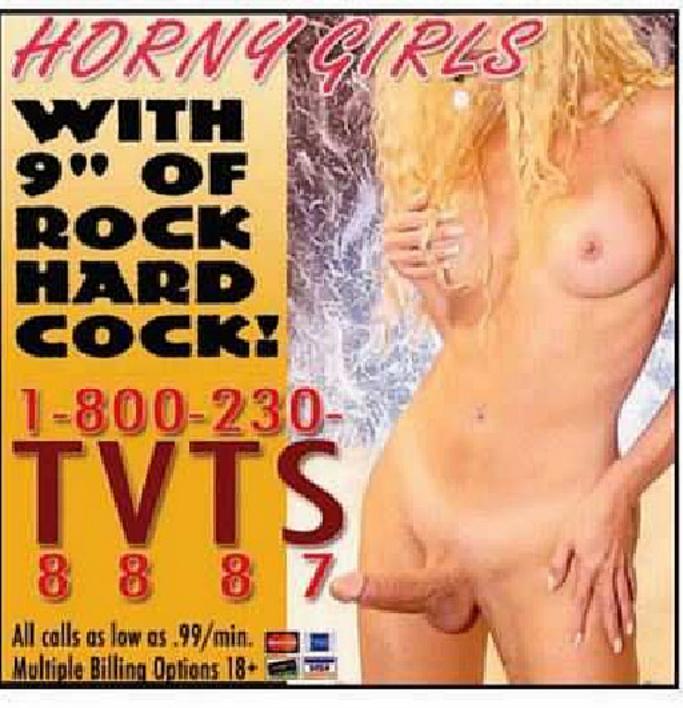
























## Older Women Fantasies

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Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual (and essentially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong— I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex", I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature. and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better.

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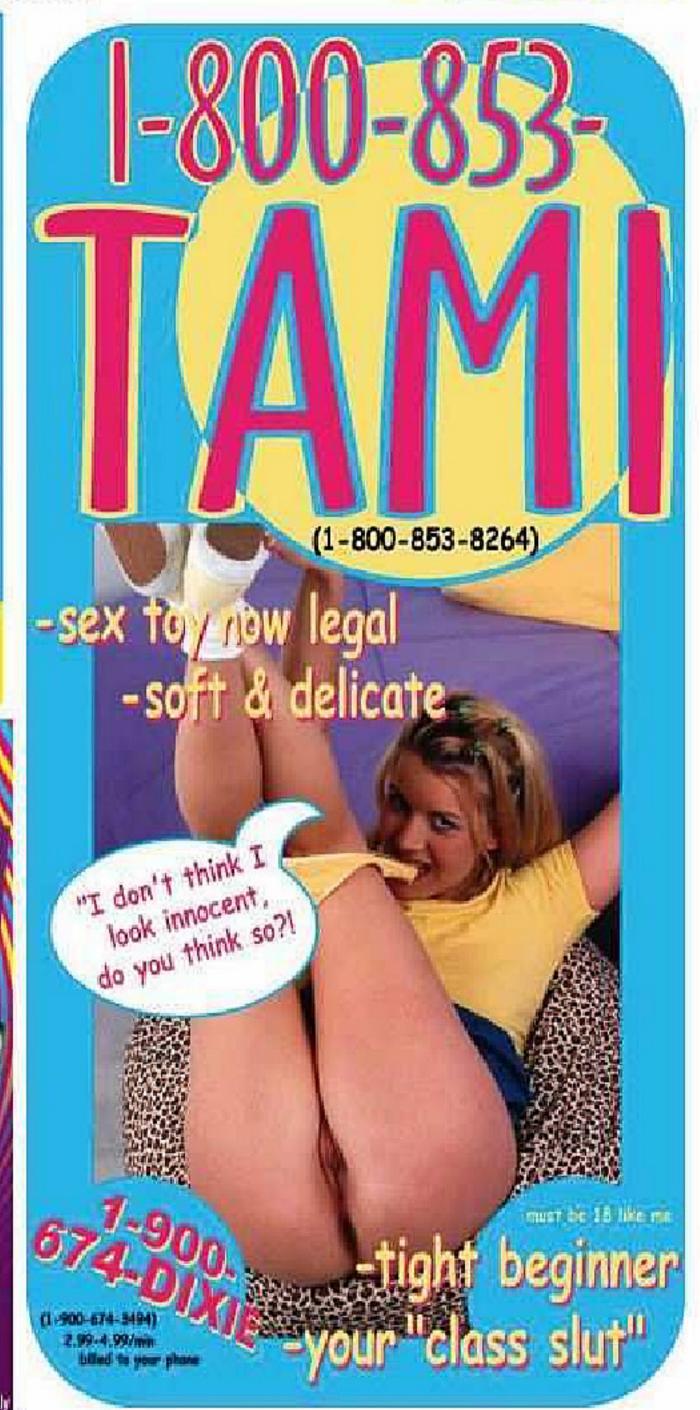






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